

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Gods and Monsters

orphan_account

Gods and Monsters by orphan_account

Category: IT (1990), IT (2017)

Genre: 1990 Pennywise, 69 (Sex Position), Bad Jokes, Belts, Blood Kink, Blow Jobs, Cuddling & Snuggling, Cunnilingus, Daddy Kink, Daddywise, Dirty Talk, Dom/sub, Domestic Fluff, Dubious Consent, Eldritch, Established Relationship, Exhibitionism, F/M, Finger Sucking, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Frottage, Heavy Petting, Humiliation, Intercrural Sex, Light Bondage, Masturbation, Menstrual Sex, Menstruation, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Monsters, My Funny Valentine Series, One Shot, Oral Sex, POV Female Character, Penis In Vagina Sex, Pennywise is his own Warning, Pet Names, Possessive Behavior, Power Dynamics, Power Imbalance, Rough Kissing, Rough Oral Sex, Rough Sex, Scents & Smells, Sleazy Pennywise, Sleepy Cuddles, Smoking, Smut, Spanking, Spooning, Teasing, Unhealthy Relationships, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, Verbal Humiliation, Virginity Kink, Whipping

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Summary:

It's your time of the month and you're feeling needy and fragile.

Daddy Pen is more than happy to indulge you but, as always, his attention comes with a price.

'My Funny Valentine' universe one-shot.

1990!Pennywise/Reader, established relationship.

Gods and Monsters

Author's Note:

- For [Mualhani](#), [Beastlybfs](#), [DJSpidersGeorg](#), [nounouse](#), [LuckyRedBalloon](#), [hotrockcandy](#), [PrincessMarth](#), [Margravine](#).

Hello again, fellow trash people.

So, I had planned to write a maximum of two more entries to the series; the pregnancy one and the angsty one, from my list of ideas. But I watched the 1990 miniseries (again) and this one-shot just wouldn't leave me alone.

No plot to this one, or double clown action, just you and Daddy getting nasty. As always, you can imagine 2017!Penny, if that's what floats your boat. He'll be back in the next installment.

For what it's worth, I don't have a problem with sex during menstruation, and I don't have a problem with anyone who doesn't like it either. You're into it? Great, enjoy! You're not? That's perfectly fine, too! I'm not shaming anyone, I'm just sending up all those ridiculous fuck-boys who make women feel bad about it.

Anyway, read on!

More to come soon!

Recommended Playlist:

Take Me to Church ~ Hozier

Pony ~ Ginuwine

MGMT ~ Electric Feel

Sledgehammer ~ Peter Gabriel

Poison ~ Alice Cooper

The Joker ~ Steve Miller Band

Underneath Your Clothes ~ Shakira

Fool ~ Shakira

Kiss With a Fist ~ Florence and the Machine
The Walk ~ Imogen Heap
Been Better ~ Kyla La Grange
Hands ~ Kyla La Grange ft. Marcus Foster &
Matthew and the Atlas
Marlene on the Wall ~ Suzanne Vega
New Rules ~ Dua Lipa
Monster ~ Lady Gaga
Dark Paradise ~ Lana Del Rey
Gods and Monsters ~ Lana Del Rey

On a windy morning in early April, you awake with a familiar pain in your abdomen, and a knot of dread in your stomach.

Oh shit, it can't be.

It's too early.

You check the calendar, marking off the dates with a grim satisfaction. Too early, as you thought. Your cycle is as regular as clockwork, always has been, so this can't be it.

Must be a bug.

One of your colleagues had been sick last week, along with half of Derry. Some belated winter gastro-virus, sweeping through the town. You've managed to avoid it so far, but you suspect that it's finally caught up with you.

Just to be safe, you call in sick, mentally preparing yourself to spend an evening glued to the toilet, spewing from both ends. But you feel perfectly *fine*, other than the pain and the tell-tale shift in your mood. And sure enough, when you're getting ready to take a bath, you find a bloody smear on the crotch of your white panties.

For a moment, you almost wish that it *was* a bug, because your periods are famously *hideous*. The cramps are sickeningly intense, you bleed like a stuck pig, and you always end up with a migraine. Your hair is greasy and lank, no matter how many times you wash it, and your skin breaks out in spots, usually with one huge zit taking up residence on your nose or your chin, where it can't be hidden.

And there's the mood-swings, of course...

Oh, the *fucking* mood-swings.

Yeah. You almost wish that it was the bug. *Almost.*

Feeling like shit, you cancel a dinner date with your parents, using the bug excuse, and then you roll into bed, hiding under the covers. You can't sleep, though. You feel miserable and lonely. You want someone to look after you, to hold you; it's horrendously pitiful and self-indulgent, but you're past caring. Frank is prowling the yard, steering clear of you, and your best friend isn't at home when you call her on the phone. You can't ask your mom over, seeing as you've already told her that you're sick in bed, with a contagious virus.

And so, with a sigh, you get dressed and head into the woods.

The fresh air is good medicine; it eases your headache and puts a little spring into your step.

But you're craving something else.

Someone else.

Bad medicine, but you want it anyway.

You reach the trailer, smiling ruefully as you step inside. Sure enough, the clown is here, lounging in his La-Z-Boy with a newspaper on his lap, a cigar drooping from the corner of his red mouth.

Your clown.

Your Pennywise.

With his big warm hands and his big warm smile.

Penny sets the newspaper aside, favouring you with a lopsided grin, "Hey, there's my babydoll."

"Hey, Daddy." You stoop to press a kiss against the corner of his mouth, playing the doting little wifey once again, and then you head over to the kitchenette, planning to brew a pot of tea over the stove.

You smirk, feeling his eyes flickering over you, "I'm making tea. You want some?"

Penny ignores the offer, "You bleeding, baby?"

You turn away from the stove, frowning at him, "Yeah. How do you know?"

It's a dumb question.

He tilts his head, smiling slightly, "I could smell it before you got within a mile of here. Knew you were coming."

"Yeah." You shrug, uncomfortable with this turn in the conversation, "It's that time of the month."

It's not that time of the month, it's too fucking early, but you don't know what else to say.

Penny seems unimpressed, "Always thought it was pathetic, the way you humans pussy-foot around your natural functions." He sniffs at the air, his eyes gleaming beneath heavy lids, "You're bleeding, so fucking what? I still wanna ride that sweet ass, blood or not."

You grimace, "Ugh. No thanks."

"Unbelievable." The clown shakes his head, exasperated. He sniffs again, a devious smile lighting up his features, "You smell so good, baby. *Mmm*. Y'know, Junior would love this." You stiffen, hoping that he's not planning something. The other clown is growing on you, even after the tentacle incident, but you don't think that you can deal with both of them, not tonight. Penny chuckles, reading your face, "Oh yeah, this would drive him *nuts*. Don't think he's ever had you *bleeding* before."

You snort, gazing down at your shoes, "Neither have *you*."

"Well, that's because you always hide yourself away, when it's your *time of the fucking month*." Penny grumbles, folding his arms, "It's just *blood*, {y/n}. Don't know why you get so uptight about it."

"Because it *hurts*." You snarl, gritting your teeth against the pain of

another cramp, “And it’s messy and gross.”

Penny smirks, “I don’t mind.” He pats his knee, his blue eyes gliding lasciviously over your body, “Come on, babydoll. Come sit on Daddy’s lap.”

You shake your head, planting your hands upon your hips, “Geez, I don’t know why I came over here tonight. Expecting tea and sympathy, from *you*, like an idiot.” You turn away, shrugging back into your jacket, “I’m just gonna head home. Gonna crawl into bed and *die*.”

Penny rolls his eyes, “Fuck sake, don’t be such a loser, {y/n}. You’re not going anywhere.” He drums his fingers upon the arms of the chair, evidently losing patience with your insolence, “You’re gonna stay here and let me take care of you.”

“You don’t want to *take care* of me.” You let out an incredulous laugh, turning to face him, “No, you just want your own way, as usual.”

The clown shrugs, “Yeah, and I’m gonna get it, *as usual*. So, are you gonna do as you’re told, or do I have to come over there?” He stubs out his cigar, slowly and deliberately, his eyes fixed upon your face.

Oh, if looks could kill...

At any other time, you would cave, you would give into him, but you’re tired and in pain, and you’re ready to stand your ground. You meet his gaze, unflinching and unmoved, even as your treacherous heart starts to hammer against your ribcage, “I told you, it’s gross, and I’m not in the mood.”

Growling, Penny clicks his fingers, demanding obedience, “Get your ass over here, babydoll.”

Shit, I must have a death wish.

Still, you shake your head, folding your arms across your chest.

That does it. He pushes himself out of the chair, striding across the room, and he’s *on* you before you can even *think* about making a run

for it. He grips your waist, hoisting you up into his arms, seemingly deaf to your indignant protests, and then he carries you back to the La-Z-Boy, sinking heavily into his seat.

Like a king on his throne.

Derry is his kingdom, its people are his subjects, his sheep, and you are his woman, his wench, his little plaything.

His queen, if he's feeling generous.

You struggle, trying to give him the slip, but he holds you fast, curling strong fingers around your wrists. He could snap your bones like twigs, upon a whim, and you know it. His eyes are gleaming, his smile is *smug*, and you can feel his cock rising beneath you, aroused by the chase.

Like a true predator, toying with his prey.

Geez. You have the sudden urge to smash your fist into his face, just to wipe away that awful smirk. You won't, though. You wouldn't *dare*. You've tapped him on occasion, aimed a playful swipe in his direction, but that's as much as he would ever tolerate from you.

Sensing that your resistance is waning, the clown chuckles, leaning forward to brush a light kiss across your mouth. You press your lips together, in one last show of defiance, but he persists, deepening the kiss, forcing his tongue into your mouth. You can't help but kiss him back, melting against him, hating yourself for being so weak.

Eventually, he draws away, running the tip of a finger across your cheek. *Sharp*. You realise that his talons are out and you have to make a concerted effort not to flinch away from his touch.

"You know I don't tolerate back-chat, {y/n}" Penny murmurs, pressing his thumb down on your lower lip, the razor-sharp claw tapping upon your teeth, "Thought I'd beaten the *brat* out of you, but you're obviously too dumb to know when to quit. Do you need another lesson?"

"N-nuh-no, Daddy." You shake your head, trembling in his arms, "*Please*, don't punish me. I'll behave, I *promise*."

“Oho, I think you *do*, babydoll. I think you need another lesson right *now*, don’t you?” Penny chuckles. He squeezes your cheeks between his fingers, forcing your head up and down in a grotesque parody of a nod, “Stand up, baby. Stop snivelling and stand up, or I’ll give you something to really cry about, y’hear me?”

You climb down from his lap, standing before the La-Z-Boy on quaking legs, hot tears streaming down your crumpled face.

“Take off your clothes, baby. Take everything off, and be quick about it.”

You don’t need to be told twice. Fingers scrabbling clumsily at your buttons, and at the zip of your jeans, you strip down to your skin, leaving your clothes in a neat pile upon the couch. The pad stuck to your panties is soaked, almost fully absorbed with bright blood. Penny glances at it, his nostrils flaring, picking up the metallic tang in the air, and then his eyes drift over to you, shivering in front of him.

“Turn around. Bend over, legs apart, and grab hold of your ankles.”

You blink at the clown, disbelief and terror warring in your wide eyes, but one look from him is all it takes to get you moving. Grimacing, you do as you’re told, forcing your body into the requested position. You’re not the most flexible person, but you can just about manage it, although you’re certain that you’re about to topple over and end up face-first on the linoleum, with your ass in the air.

Penny leans forward, kicking at your ankles, “Legs apart, I said. Come on, spread ‘em, you little slut.”

You wobble on the spot, inching your feet further across the floor, until your thighs burn in protest.

“That’s better.” The clown trails a finger over your slit, teasing you open, “Mmm. You smell *divine*, babydoll. I wonder if you taste as good as you smell...” He pulls his finger back, slipping it into his mouth, sucking it clean with a grunt of pleasure, “Gonna love seeing your blood on my cock, baby. Y’know, I’m still kinda cut-up that

some little *rat* got here before me. Would have been nice to pop your sweet cherry...”

A *moan* escapes you, before you can pluck up the courage to clap a hand over your mouth. You couldn't help it; the thought of Pennywise being the first to fuck you open, of him taking your *virginity*, is just too damn much.

Penny chuckles, sliding his finger back into you, “Oh, you *like* that? I think you *do*, you're so *wet* for me, baby.” You push down onto the invading digit, clenching desperately around it, but the clown swats your ass, forcing you back into position. He hums, gliding his thumb through your folds, “Yeah, it's a shame, isn't it? And I bet your first time was nothing to write home about, hmmm? A quick fumble in the backseat, some jerk-off pumping his load into you after three thrusts, and you lying there, frustrated and sore, bleeding out around his tiny dick.”

He's not wrong.

Damn him!

You whimper, mouthing silent curse words at the ceiling. The clown chuckles, planting a sloppy kiss upon your left buttock, “Oh yeah, it's a *real* shame that you missed out on *this*, isn't it? Wish it had been me, baby. You'd *really* belong to Daddy then, wouldn't you? Ol' Pennywise would own every inch of you.”

He removes his fingers again, leaving you high and dry, and almost weeping with frustration. And then, without warning, he cuffs you *there*, on your up-turned cunt, an open-handed *smack* that hits you just *right*. And then again, and again, until you're *screaming*, an ecstasy of painful pleasure rippling through your body.

Finally, he relents, giving you one last blow that sending you sprawling to your knees, sobbing out his name.

“That's what you get for mouthin' off, babydoll.” Penny says, lighting a cigar, “It'll be the leather belt next time, on your ass and your pussy. You won't enjoy it, but I will.” He smirks, blowing smoke-rings over your limp form, and then he clicks his fingers, “Get up, baby.

Back into position, and keep your fucking legs apart, like I told you.”

You struggle to your feet, almost crying with mortification as a fresh gout of blood oozes out of you, staining your inner thighs. Penny immediately notices your predicament, but he only smirks, grinding his cigar to ashes, and then he leans forward to get a better look. Your face is burning with some ancient shame as you struggle to maintain the position, your back arched, your fingers curled around your ankles.

The clown’s razor-tipped hands glide over your ass, his thumbs sliding your cheeks apart, exposing your hole and beneath it, the gore-slicked folds of your pudenda. He leans in, until you can feel the heat of his breath against your core, and then he inhales, like a wine connoisseur sampling the bouquet of a particularly fine vintage. He takes a good long sniff at you, murmuring appreciatively, taking his sweet time about it, and you can only cringe and grit your teeth, repressing the urge to shy away from his attentions.

Penny can sense your embarrassment. It doesn’t dissuade him; in fact, you suspect that he enjoys it. He’s always pushing you, forcing you beyond the limits, out of your comfort zone.

And this is so far outside of your comfort zone that you might as well be floating in outer space.

He sinks his fingers into the meat of your ass, holding you in place, and then he brushes his lips across the crease of your thigh, and then up, between your legs, his tongue trailing wet heat across your cunt.

“Don’t...” You squeak, swaying on the spot, “Please, don’t do *that*, Pen. It’s disgusting.”

Penny stops, just for a moment, smirking up at you, “I’m a *monster*, aren’t I? And besides, the doctor told me that I need more iron in my diet.” He cackles, spanking your ass, and then he’s *licking* you, dipping the tip of his tongue into your cunt.

Your knees are trembling, both with excitement and with the exertion of holding this position for so long, but the clown isn’t about to let you go anytime soon. He swirls his tongue into you, deeper and

deeper, and then out again, over your folds, pressing forward to swipe it across your clit. His face is buried against your buttocks and his claws are biting into your hips, dragging you back and forth on his tongue. You moan, keening above him, your hands still locked around your ankles.

There's molten silver between your thighs, white lightning behind your eyelids, and you're riding a bullet to hell, your blood singing and your throat raw with a scream that seems to go on forever...

You cum around Penny's tongue, your entire body convulsing, and he holds you there, holds his tongue still inside your cunt, savouring the taste of your swollen heat and the tight clench of your innermost muscles.

Eventually, he is sated and you are spent, and his tongue slides out of you, dragging out the last sparks of your orgasm in its wake. He pulls away, giving your quivering buttocks a gentle slap as he withdraws, and your legs finally give way beneath you, sending you to your knees again on the cool linoleum.

"Mmm, I'm gonna be tastin' you in my mouth for a long time after that, babydoll." Penny sinks into his chair with a low chuckle, "Not that I'm complaining. You might just be the best damn thing I've eaten...oh, in a *long* time."

You turn your head, eyeing him balefully, your tits still heaving. The clown's lips are glistening with your juices, and with your blood, a darker red than his lips, almost black in the dim light of the trailer. His white face is a bloody mess, from the base of his nose to the underside of his chin, and you feel your gorge rise at the sight of it. He grins, and you can't help thinking about *other* things, *horrible* things, when you see more blood staining his teeth, like smudged lipstick.

Penny smirks, his eyes flickering over you, "You tired, baby? Has the mean old clown worn you out, huh?" You manage a nod, inching your way across to him, your knees screaming in protest. Lulled by his teasing voice, you curl against his leg, resting your chin upon his thigh. He threads his fingers through your hair, crooning softly, "Well, that's too bad, because I'm not finished with you, doll. Oho,

you're gonna be *sore* in the morning, that's for sure."

Penny's fingers tighten in your hair, bringing tears to your eyes, and then you're being dragged up, onto his lap, as he chuckles darkly and presses his bloody lips against yours. His hands drop to your waist, squeezing lightly, and he winks at you, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "Hold on, baby."

Suddenly, the recliner gives an erratic jolt, the headrest dropping to a horizontal position. You squeak, stomach lurching, and you're thrown flat against the clown, on top of him, with your legs straddling his torso and your breasts jostling against his face. Still smirking, he manhandles you, forcibly pivoting you over him, until you're facing the other way, looking over at the kitchenette. You clutch at his thighs, trying to maintain your balance, shuffling forward over his groin in an attempt to distribute your weight.

"Make yourself comfortable, baby, but don't take too long about it. Something down *there* needs seein' to, and it's not feelin' very patient tonight, I'm afraid."

What?

You frown, your eyes fixed upon the mirror, and then Penny gives an exaggerated thrust beneath you, bouncing you up and down, and you giggle, feeling light-headed and foolish.

Oh.

Right.

You scoot back, sliding a hand into the clown-suit, your fingers curling around Penny's thickening length.

"Yeah, you got it, smart girl." The clown huffs, gripping your hips, "Now, you take care of that end, baby. Put your pretty little mouth to work, show me that it's good for something more than sassin' Daddy." He pulls you down, until your cunt is quivering over his mouth once again, "And ol' Pennywise will take care of *this* end. You ready?"

He spreads your cunt open, pressing the pad of his thumb against

your clit and sinks his tongue back into you. Broad, deep strokes, from front to back, and then inside, in and out, keeping a steady pressure on your clit the whole time.

You whimper, quaking above him; your cunt is still so sensitive from before, that it's almost *painful*, but it feels so *fucking* good.

Abruptly, the clown resurfaces, dragging his teeth across your buttocks, his voice dropping to a low growl, "C'mon, {y/n}. My cock's not gonna suck itself now, is it?" He gives your ass a little tap, before returning his attentions to your cunt, "Go on, it won't bite. Suck Daddy's cock."

You dip your head, arching your back to give him full access to your lower body, and then you take out his dick, feeling the thick weight of it against your palm.

For an eldritch alien-clown-thing from beyond the stars, he sure does have a nice cock.

That's because it's not real. You've never seen the real thing. You don't even know if his true form has a cock, or any other manner of genitalia. The clown isn't real. Pennywise is just another shape, another trick, one which he uses to tempt children into his ravenous maw.

To tempt you onto his cock.

His dick; perfectly tailored to suit your needs, to fulfil your desires, and to fit your personal ideal of male beauty. It can change on a whim, depending on his mood or the circumstances, but right now it is flawless, in your eyes.

It's thick around the shaft, with a tapered upward curve, the balls large and weighty. A good length, eight or nine inches at a guess. Pale and smooth, blue veins pulsating beneath the translucent skin, the magenta-coloured head already weeping precum onto your fingers.

He tastes good, too.

His cum tastes good.

You moan, suddenly eager to have him in your mouth. Keeping one hand tight around the base, you trail your tongue over his shaft, up and down, swirling around his thickness, from balls to glans. You wrap your tongue around the head, thrumming against the sensitive frenulum, and then you take him in, hollowing your cheeks around his length.

Behind you, Penny hisses approval, his voice muffled by your thighs, "Good, that's good, baby."

You hum, basking in his praise, bobbing your head down, until your mouth brushes against your fingers, curled in a tight ring at the base of his shaft. The head of his cock drags across the roof of your mouth, his shaft resting upon your tongue, and you close your eyes, resisting the urge to gag. You've been practising though, and you manage to keep going, pursing your lips tight around him.

Penny grunts, his hips snapping, fucking into your mouth with shallow thrusts. His tongue rolls into you, plundering your cunt in time with the rhythm of his hips, and you rub yourself against him, whining around his length. His claws rake bloody lines into your hips, dragging you down onto his tongue.

Deeper and deeper, until the heat in your pelvis unfurls, simmering over, burning through you like an inferno, and then you're over the edge again, squirting into his mouth, your thighs quivering around his face.

"Oh god, oh my fucking god..."

Penny smirks, "You don't have to call me that, baby. I know I'm good, but please, just call me Daddy."

He's just made you cum, and now he's chasing his own release, but he still has time to crack a bad joke.

You would roll your eyes, but you're in no fit state to do anything right now, with your lips stretched around him, and your body shuddering out the last throes of its orgasm.

The clown sinks back, one hand twitching upon the curve of your ass, his hips moving like pistons, forcing his cock further into your throat.

Harder, faster, deeper.

You can hardly breathe. Your fingers spasm, grasping at his dick, his thigh. Your vision blurs out of focus.

Penny murmurs your name, his voice raw and sweet, like burnt sugar, "I'm gonna cum, baby. You ready for me?" You squeeze his thigh, closing your lips around his cock, and he stiffens beneath you, growling like a wild thing, and shoots his load against the back of your throat. Fighting the instinct to cough, or spit, you swallow it down, holding him in your mouth until you're sure that he's finished, and then you pull free, his cock slipping from between your lips with a *pop*.

He *isn't* finished, though.

The bastard was holding out on you, waiting for you to pull away.

You've had your treat.

Now it's time for Penny's trick.

A delayed burst erupts from the tip, hot jets of cum spurting across your bemused face, and Penny *roars* with laughter, clapping his hands against your heaving shoulders.

"Oho!" You glance back at the clown, over your shoulder, glowering at his mirthful expression. The sight of your face sends him into fresh hysterics, "Oh, babydoll! You always fall for that one, dontcha? C'mere, come up here. Don't be like that, I'm only foolin'..." He manages to compose himself, seeing your displeasure, "C'mon, {y/n}. I'm done, I promise."

Sighing, you relent, a rueful smile tilting at the corners of your mouth. You shimmy over him, moving up to curl against his chest, with a satisfied purr. He grasps your chin, his blue eyes sliding over your face, "You've never looked better, baby."

Really? Ugh.

You roll your eyes, slapping his shoulder, "Do you have to ruin it?"

Penny shoots you a reproachful look, "Hey, I mean it. Daddy loves seeing you like this." He pulls you closer, rubbing his jaw against your temple, "My best girl, all flushed and messy, with my cum all over her pretty face. Fucking *beautiful*, {y/n}."

Shit, how does he do that?

How does he always know just the right thing to say, to make you want him?

To make you love him...

Wait.

What?

You...you don't love him.

You can't love him.

Ugh. What a fucking shit storm.

You bury your burning face against the clown's shoulder, sighing as he runs his hands across your back. Penny presses his lips against your neck, "Wanna move this to the bedroom, baby?"

It's not a question, it's an order, and you know that there's no point in denying him.

"Yeah." You unfurl yourself from his lap, wincing at the stiffness of your body. You follow him into the back, padding softly across the linoleum on bare feet. Penny shrugs out of the clown-suit, revealing his pale nakedness, in the dim light of the small bedroom. You lean against the door, watching him, feeling your heart twist and rend at the sight of him.

Sinewy limbs, broad shoulders, that cute little paunch...

His cock, already half-hard, stiffening against his thigh.

He lounges upon the mattress, opening his arms to you. A brief moment of hesitation, in which you debate running off into the

woods, not for the first time, and then he arches an eyebrow at you in silent question, and you crawl up to him, curling against his body.

You roll onto your side, your knees pressed up against your aching stomach, and he moves behind you, wrapping his arms around your waist.

“We should put a towel down.” You murmur, repressing a groan as another cramp ripples through your pelvis, “Otherwise there’ll be blood everywhere.”

Penny snorts, “You think that bothers me?”

“No. It bothers *me*, though.”

“Hmm.” You can almost *feel* him rolling his eyes, and then he huffs impatiently, rolling out of the bed. The shower is out back, but there’s a toilet and a sink in the tiny ensuite. You keep a little box of essentials in there; a couple of towels, shampoo, sanitary protection, and a few pieces of make-up. Penny reappears, looking both amused and exasperated, and he throws a taupe-coloured towel onto the bed, “There, my little *hausfrau*. Happy?” You smile gratefully, pulling the towel underneath you. Penny smirks, dipping into a mocking bow and affecting a smarmy butler façade, “Do you require anything else, mademoiselle? A back-rub, perhaps? Champagne?”

“A hot water bottle.” You curl onto your side again, rubbing your hands across your stomach, “But not just yet. Now get over here, clown. I want to snuggle.”

Grumbling to himself, but obviously pleased by your request, Penny climbs back onto the mattress, moulding himself against your back. You murmur happily, wriggling into his arms, and he slides his hands up to your breasts, toying lazily with your nipples.

“Could get used to this, babydoll.” He laps at your earlobe, his warm breath sending delicious shivers through your body, “Might have to steal you away, drag you down to the sewers with me, when it’s time for my long sleep.” You stiffen against him, horrified by the idea, and he lets out a raucous laugh, squeezing one breast hard, until you whimper and squirm against him. The clown swats lightly at your

backside, chuckling darkly, "I'm just teasin' you, doll. Ol' Pennywise wouldn't get much rest, would he? Not with you around."

You relax in his arms, sighing as he moves behind you, slipping the head of his cock between your thighs. He grinds back and forth, rubbing himself against you, his length sliding against your cunt.

"You want it, babydoll? You want Daddy's cock? Or should I just..." Before he can finish, you tilt your hips, shifting slightly, so that his next stroke aligns him with your core. He chuckles, ruffling your hair, "Okay baby, I can take a hint."

Penny pushes forward, breaching you, his limbs entwined with yours, like a second skin. He glides right in, to the hilt, and his hand curls through your pubic hair, his fingers circling your clit.

"Mmm. So hot and tight, {y/n}. So *wet*, for Daddy Pen." The clown grunts, biting into the space between your shoulder-blades, his pelvis slapping loudly against your ass, "You fit me like a glove, baby."

It's a slow burn, this time. He's in no rush to cum, or to let *you* cum, and it's only when you're writhing in his arms, almost *sobbing*, that he picks up the pace, driving into you, until you scream out his name, your already drenched cunt flooding around him, drowning his cock with your juices, and with blood. And then he fills you, holding you flush against him, coating your quivering insides with his bittersweet seed.

Later, once you have finally emerged from the heady bliss of the afterglow, the damn cramps start up again, tightening like a jagged metal spring within your loins. You wince, curling into a ball upon the damp towel, beneath a thin blanket. Penny slips into the room, his brow furrowed. He was smoking outside, but he must have sensed your distress, because he's brought you something; your hot water bottle, wrapped in one of his old vests.

"You okay, baby?" The clown moves onto the mattress and wraps his arms around you, holding the rubber bottle against your stomach, "Shift up, get yourself nice and snug. Yeah, that's it." He removes his hands, sliding them over your shoulders, rubbing away the stiffness, "You want me to stay here with you?"

You nod, relishing the soothing heat against your aching body, “Yeah. I’m just gonna doze for a while, I think. Will you hold me, until I fall asleep?”

“I suppose so.” Penny huffs, curling his arms around your waist, “The things I do for you, baby.”

“Thanks.” You know that he doesn’t mind, not really, but you sweeten the deal for him, all the same, “I’ll make it up to you, when I’m feeling better.”

The clown chuckles, nuzzling into your hair, “I’ll hold you to that, babydoll.”